

PASTORAL ELEGY,
On Mr. J. CUNNINGHAM.

GIVE ear, O ye swains, to my lay,
Since Colin, alas! is no more!
Let's languish and pine all the day,
In sorrow his loss we'll deplore.
For he was the pride of the plain,
The garden, the grove, and the field,
But, "lost is the pastoral strain,"
Since he no more beauties can yield.

Ye warblers that bill on each spray,
Ye lambkins that wantonly roam,
Come round and attend to the lay,
Then "bleat, and your master bemoan."
For a tender good shepherd was he,
So true and so kind to his trust,
With mildness he e'er painted thee,
No swain fure was ever so just.

His manner how soft and serene!
How pleasing his shape and his air!
No mortal like him e'er was seen,
No mortal with him cou'd compare.
For he was so gentle and kind,
That birds cluster'd round in a throng,
And all in full harmony join'd,
Whenever he echo'd his song.

But ah! the dear Colin is gone,
No longer he sings through the grove,
No longer beneath the gay thorn,
He pours forth his odours of love.
Then farewell—O! favourite bard!
Adieu! my dear Colin, adieu!
That merit I e'er shall regard,
To thy fame I will ever be true.